



CHARLES E. WRIGHT

## HELD UP AGAIN.

It was a green day in Kentucky when makin' and day had done breakin' an' checkin' an' would stand forty miles an' hour. Blues iron peddler over de wheels down with the automobile fever. The best wagon maker in that part of the country, Budd Taylor, said he could make a machine that would run just as well as any foreign invention. His proposal was before the meeting held in Dawson Todd's watermelon patch, and the black swells of the neighborhood chipped in for a forty dollar fund to get a machine.

Bright and early on the following morning the wagon was put to work. The result of his skill and genius is shown in the picture accompanying this sketch. It is a composite affair—part photograph and part nature, with enough chrome to give life and color to the picture.

Red Bud Jim, the most daring man in Sarsaparilla Centre, was posted on all kinds of machinery. He had run a saw mill, a cotton gin and a threshing machine, had learned a part of his hand with the willow bushes, and he had made a close study of all the automobiles that had stopped at the Sarsaparilla Centre Hotel for drinks and gasoline. He considered himself able to run any machine that Hoop-pole Sam might invent. Budd Taylor, a bosom friend, was to accompany him on the trial trip, and Mrs. Williams agreed to join the party when he learned that her daughter, Lucy Ann, had accepted and was engaged to marry the brave chauffeur.

Such was the situation early in the morning on Wednesday, the 26th, when the machine was wheeled around to the top of a mile long hill in the suburbs of Sarsaparilla Centre. Red Bud Jim hadn't taken a drink for hours, and he considered himself as sober as a Kentucky judge.

Hoop-pole Sam, the negro wagon maker, certainly expected his business. He was shrewd by nature, and on this occasion he came to the front with cunning and diplomacy. He knew if his benzine wagon began the cutting at the top of the hill it would certainly go. The machinists of the party suggested applejack instead of gasoline for motor power. The women preferred taking it slow, in hope instead of having to face the consequences.

Budd Taylor's account of the trip thus describes it: "None ov us had evah rid in a benzine waggan, and we wuz wild fol de sport of de day. You shoud a seen Miss Lucy. She wuz ovigh lily ov de scean. Mawnin' glories and perfume blossoms come to town, she stand on her face. Her old ma' left Bluffton, and breathed de mornin' air like she wuz going to vist de millionaires who make all de Kentucky whiskey in de nev' country."

Dawson Todd had heard of the proposed conclusion to have an expedition for pleasure and recreation, and warned us not to run obber his stock. "I has de finest station, he sed, 'In Boone county, an' nuttin' kin touch my young heifer cow. Her critter X, an' all the horses in the region, I aint no goin' fall, wahn't to look out for my ibe stock or I'll pun de law on you. I will be fall fo' fu' dat offence an' buckshot fo' the next."

"Sech was de conditions of affairs which was colated fo' de ragg agin time in our automobile. Miss Lucy wound up de official alarm clock to time de race."

"De waggan makin' tolle to hab no fear of de biler busin' which cooked us benzine. He sed it wuz made on de best sheet iron, and had been thoroughly tested in the market, with all kinds of tests. He remained in a lot ob new ribbons; all de joints was niled wit putty an' lumberbag, de steering apparatus was a brake wheel Sam had round down in de railroad car whar a freight train run into a collision an' smashed things up fo' a quarter of mile."

"De automobile wheel was on good Kaintucky oak, spiced with chais, an' de body in de waggan, had been seasoned an' stood de test ob storm an' sunshine. De waggan

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